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Eng. Poetry 4to 42.

VERSES

ON SEEING

THE REMAINS OF HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS,

EDWARD AUGUSTUS, DUKE OF YORK,

LANDING AT GREENWICH, FROM MONACO.

———*tumulo superaddite carmen.* VIRGIL.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
MDCCLXVII.

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THE REMAINS OF HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS,

EDWARD AUGUSTUS, DUKE OF YORK,

LANDING AT GREENWICH, FROM MONACO*.

ALAS! how tranſient are terreſtrial Things,
For ever gliding on *Time*'s reſtleſs Wings.
The youthful *Prince* who, late, o'er Ocean flew,
His Talents to enrich, and *Europe* view:
Who, ſmit with *Pleaſure*, that Inchantreſs woo'd,
And fondly through her fairy Rounds purſued:
Yet cloſely cou'd, at Intervals, attend
To Buſineſs, and Reflexion recommend:
Whoſe Spirit, curious; active as the Wind,
To one Spot ſeldom could be long confin'd:
HE, once the Source of Mirth, as Summer gay,
See there! brought home, a Monument of Clay.
Life of the Court!--- His well-known Preſence cheer'd
The ſhining Circle, ſoon as he appear'd.
With Joy their gracious MAJESTIES inſpir'd,
While Crouds his Affability admir'd:
That Charm which inſtantly the Heart pervades,
And oft with ſilent Eloquence perſuades:
That Magnet, which Affection ſweetly draws
Inſenſibly, and unperceiv'd the Cauſe.
Thus amiable, our Darling He became,
And Men were pleas'd at hearing of his Name.

* His Royal Highneſs died there, on *Thurſday September* 17, 1767.

It wider ſpread; to foreign Regions flew,
When all deſir'd this much-lov'd Prince to view.
He gratified their Wiſhes, and His own,
Still more belov'd, the better He was known.
Reſplendent Proofs of this were daily ſpread,
Now in the Annals of all Countries read.
Highly to honour Him, each People ſtrove
By cordial Marks of Friendſhip and of Love.
For him the *Siſter-Arts* their Powers diſplay'd
In all the Charms of Sound, and Light and Shade:
Chaplets, for Him, the *Loves* and *Graces* fram'd,
And *Fame* His Welcome in all Lands proclaim'd.
His Courteſy did ev'ry Nation ſtrike,
And *York* and *Ulſter* were eſteem'd alike.
Where'er He came, new Pleaſures ſtarted round:
'Twas all Elyſium, and inchanted Ground.
Men of exalted Rank but rarely feel,
And ſometimes glory in a Heart of Steel.
Such hear, unmov'd, the weeping Widow's Sigh;
Such diſregard the Orphan's piercing Cry.
By Luxury nurs'd, and Strangers to Diſtreſs,
They ſeldom ſeek the Godlike Power to bleſs.—
Not *Edward* ſo!---In his benignant Mind
The Train of ſocial Virtues ſat enſhrin'd.
Merit ne'er breath'd, to Him, a fruitleſs Prayer;
Merit, oppreſs'd, was his peculiar Care.
In Soul a *Briton*; generous and brave,
Howe ſaw Him, dauntleſs, face the roaring Wave,
When, at *St. Cas* *, while *Gallia*'s Troops prevail'd,
And fiercely our Heroic Bands aſſail'd;
To ſhun thoſe Perils, nought cou'd *York* impell,
Till by his Side a faithful Follower fell:
Till *Howe*, alarm'd at the increaſing Fire,
Sent forth, and bid his Royal Charge retire.
As bravely *York* purſued His dangerous Way,
To view proud *Conflans* † loitering in the Bay.

* In September 1758.

† It was remarkable that the French Fleet, on their ſeeing the Duke of York ſailing forward, threw out all their Colours by way of Compliment.—This was in *June*, 1759.

Cherbourg

Cherbourg ‡ had ſeen His martial Spirit riſe,
When, to our Arms, ſhe fell a Sacrifice.
Theſe Sparks of Valour rais'd our *Edward*'s Name,
And ſeem'd prophetic of His future Fame.
The *Britons* thought He'd flouriſh at their Head,
Our naval *Chief*, with Laurels round Him ſpread.
Thought HE, in ev'ry Clime, our Thunders hurl'd:
Thought *Britain*'s Flag THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD.—
Illuſive Hope! on Raven Pinions fled;
For ſee brave *Edward* number'd with the Dead!
The Strength of Mind which, living, warm'd His Breaſt,
Till Life was near extinguiſh'd, He poſſeſt.
Hence, when the King of Terrors ſhook his Dart,
The Spectre ſtruck His Eye, but not His Heart.
Calmly He ſaw black Shadows round Him riſe;
He felt Death's icy Hand without Surprize.—
Grandeur's a gilded Phantom, Men adore;
But O! when near their End, it charms no more.
York prov'd this gloomy Truth; obedient ſtill
To the Decree of Heaven's unerring Will.
With Soul reſign'd, He now for Others felt;
Thought how Survivors muſt in Sorrow melt.
He imag'd his illuſtrious MOTHER's Woe,
More deep her Grief, the leſs in outward Show.
Hence he conjur'd th' Attendants to report
His Death, in Terms would leaſt alarm the Court.
Turning to thoſe around Him.--- "O!" He cries,
"Be comforted, and dry your ſtreaming Eyes."---
He adds, (now weaker) with enfeebled Voice,
"Rather than live, to die would be my Choice.
"Excruciating Pangs!---How hard to bear!—
"Yet e'er my Soul evaporates in Air,
"And flies to the bright Source whence firſt it ſprung,
"Hear theſe laſt Accents from my fault'ring Tongue.
"Not guardian Seraphs more Attention ſhow
"To thoſe they love, than You on Me beſtow.

‡ In July 1758. Here a thouſand Men were drawn up on the Shore to oppoſe the landing of our Forces, who killed but one Man in their Deſcent, and he an Iriſh Officer in the French Service. In his Pocket was found a Letter ſent him by a Lady from England, informing this Officer of the Deſign of the Engliſh on Cherbourg; though our Government had endeavoured to keep the whole a profound Secret.

"This

" This in the ſtrongeſt Characters is trac'd;
" And ne'er, while Life is Mine, can be eraz'd.
" Men in the higheſt Spheres want Others Aid;
" And faithful Services ſhould be repaid.
" May you in Safety tread your native Shore.——
" Great God!---Thy Will be done!"---He ſpake no more.

Kind *Prince* of *Monaco!* Thou'lt not refuſe
A Verſe here offer'd by an honeſt Muſe.
Thy Hoſpitality our Thanks muſt claim.——
Good Minds, of all Religions, are the ſame.
By Death moſt Friendſhips terminate their Courſe;
Thine, for our *York*, ſubſiſts in all its Force.
Hence the Funereal Honours round His Urn;
Hence thy ſoft Tear for One who can't return.
But hark! what beſt Thy Piety repays,
GEORGE, and three grateful NATIONS, ſound Thy Praiſe.

NOVEMBER 1767.

John Lockman.

FINIS.